

Older & Better

By Lois Martin

If you remember, several months ago I mentioned I'd be attending my 25th high school reunion this summer.

Well I did, along with about half my classmates from Ellsworth High School. We rallied at the Alamoose Lodge beside a quiet lake in Orland, Maine.

And I heartily recommend it. It'll do you a world of good to attend your 25th reunion. It's far better than your fifth or 10th, even 20th. Apparently by the time we reach this ripe old age, we achieve a no-nonsense perspective. People don't care if we've made it big or not at all. They're simply delighted to see you 'cause you were part of The Class.

Time was, in earlier reunions, a few would drop names or tell whopping tales of various successes. No more. At our age we're tickled to death just to reminisce. We thought we were wonderful as we were remembered.

PATCHES

The gathering was like that of a family that had been apart too long. We who hadn't seen one another in 25 years based our friendship on a shared English class or a chemistry partnership. Those days we viewed as impressive. Nothing since then carried much weight.

We got to the reunion early. Stanley Richmond's wife had arranged the flowers. Mildred Young Davis had spread endless scrapbooks of Class of '54 achievements on the center table. And Marlene Leavitt Sprague, always the most reliable, had mimeographed names, addresses and occupations of graduates.

We had to help one another out with faces that appeared in the doorway, using the yearbook as a resource. There were moments I feared I'd greet a husband as a fellow classmate when it was his wife who'd graduated with us. But that wasn't a problem. We've all seemingly married good sports. The mates that accompanied class members were as receptive to a warm hug and glad some greeting as the rest of us.

We couldn't fathom that we had children as old as they are. We're too young for that. We bounding, boundless friends didn't believe that gray hair qualified us to have college graduates or grand children. We were, for that one night, still the same old crowd, gossiping about our teachers, speaking fondly of the janitor, and singing the school song . . . "Let's give a cheer for old Ellsworth High."

Two young men, soon to be freshmen at MHS, stood outside a door peeking in. What they viewed as a nursing home aggregation was actually the Class of '54 doing the bunny hop, or something close to it.

They were in awe. We ignored them. What did these young saplings know of tall oaks, after all. They couldn't understand how people who hadn't seen one another or corresponded for years could regather with such gusto.

We ceaselessly marveled at how good we all looked, better really than in 1954. I don't know the average belt size of the group. Certainly it's more generous than it used to be. But that's probably compensation for having less hair.

Our group has not ruled the world. From our gathering there's been no eminent physician, philosopher, politician. But it isn't what you are; it's what you think you are. And at the reunion, we thought we were magnificent. We were on common ground. We'd struck out into the world, sprained our ankles on the rickety ladder of success but made it back together to celebrate survival.

Lewie Merchant, for example, grinned from the outset of the evening to who knows when. Ernie Tracy danced until our one musician, Ben Adams, blew a fuse on his electric organ affair.

I noticed a certain sadness in the evening's end. I'm not sure why. Perhaps it's because we don't know when we'll see one another again to enjoy the uncommon, unguarded acceptance. But there surely are withdrawal pains in leaving old friends.

Where else could six women sing "Side by Side," by popular request without getting booed? Who else would listen to endless hours about our state championship basketball team? The friendship and school spirit of '54 are obviously timeless.

And it's funny. We'd watched middle-aged strangers come in the door at 6:30 that evening. But we saw them as the youthful faces in the yearbook. And that, by the by, is how we'll remember the old gang, by choice.

DB&S

Glidden **HOUSE PAINT**

SUPER SALE!

SUPER SAVINGS ON SUPER EXTERIOR PAINTS

Glidden's BEST Latex Flat House Paint
SUPER SALE PRICE

\$9.99 Gallon **SAVE \$3.00**



Glidden's BEST Latex Gloss House & Trim Paint
SUPER SALE PRICE

\$10.99 Gallon **SAVE \$3.50**



Clear No. 20 CUPRINOL

\$4.97 Gallon Reg. \$6.97

Wood Preservative

Cuprinol Green No. 10 (Reg. \$7.97) **\$6.49** gal.



Aluminum, Wood — Step & Extension

ALL LADDERS In Stock **15% OFF**

10'x20' Plastic

DROP CLOTH

Reg. \$1.39 **99¢**

M-D Speed Load, 11 oz. Cartridge

CAULKING COMPOUND

reg. 75¢ **49¢**

Fits Standard Caulking Guns



MINUTEMAN

Coal Tar Emulsion

\$5.99 5 GAL.

BLACK TOP SEALER

Covers 500 Sq. Ft.
Resists Gas, Oil -
Seals, Protects,
Preserves, Beautifies

SALE PRICES EFFECTIVE JULY 25-28, 1979 (Subject to stock, on hand)

DB&S

LUMBER AND HOME IMPROVEMENT CENTERS




78 Accord Park Drive
Norwell
(off Rt. 228 at Rt. 3)

878-3345
961-3407

Hours: Mon., Tues., Weds. 8-5 Thurs & Fri. 8-5 Sat. 8-5



Dial The Mariner At 545-3950